

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE ROYAL TAILOR.

A TARTARIAN TALE.

PART III.

It would be to no purpose, my lord, said Zebd-El-caton, to put you in mind of the last words I said to you at our separation; they were dictated to me by our great Prophet; and, as Azrail was at that time so near my pillow, I did not imagine we should ever meet again. However, life did not totally forsake me; a lethargic vapour deprived me of my senses, enough, no doubt, to make every one believe that I was really dead. Even you yourself was deceived on the occasion; and ordered, as I have been since told by Abubeker, who, without knowing who I was, related all your misfortunes to the king of Serendib in my presence; you ordered, I say, that I should be shut up in a coffin adorned with precious stones; but forbid, at the same time, that my face should be covered; a precaution which proved the happy means of saving my life.

The jewels and gold with which my coffin was covered, made it proper for the Arabian robbers to remove me to a place of safety; and accordingly they did not divide their plunder till they had got above ten leagues from the place where they attacked you. After having broke my coffin to pieces, they began to strip me, in order to throw me into a pretty deep river that ran hard by; when one of them, in endeavouring to rip the sleeve of my gown, to which an emerald was fastened, was unskilful enough to prick me in the arm; and this accident, my lord, secured me from a real death. My blood flowed so freely, that the robber was surprised at it; and this circumstance, with some remains of heat, and a feeble palpitation, made him conclude that I was not dead, but only in a deep lethargy. However, he thought proper not to acquaint the other robbers with what he had observed; but, throwing me on his shoulders, carried me towards the river, in order to make them believe that he really intended to throw me into it. In the mean time, the robbers removed to a greater distance, without suspecting that he understood something of surgery. He let my blood run as much as he thought my condition required, bound up my arm with the muslin of his turban, and, throwing water on my face, brought me back to myself by degrees.

At length, I opened my eyes; and when I grew strong enough to look attentively at the objects about me, I was not a little surprised to find myself alone in the company of a man I had never seen before. As he soon perceived my grief and surprise by my eyes and actions—"Take courage, madam," said he; "your life is in safety in my hands; and your honour runs no risk, since it is out of my power to attack it, though I were ever so ill-disposed." These words quieted me a little; and having inquired of him in what manner I had fallen into his hands, I was told, my lord, that your

little caravan had been attacked by the wild Arabs at some days distance from Grand Cairo; that you had made the boldest resistance; but that at last, overpowered by numbers, you had fallen with all your attendants, surrounded with more than thirty of your enemies, whom you had killed with your own hands. You may guess, my dear prince, the greatness of my despair at hearing this cruel news. I no longer reckoned you among the living; and being desirous of paying you remains the same honours you bestowed on me, I requested the Arab to conduct me to the spot where the engagement had happened. He was so good as to comply; but I was so weak, that I could not reach the place in less than four days. We examined together all the dead bodies; but as they were no longer distinguishable, on account of the wounds which they had received on the face, and the blood that covered them, and by lying so long exposed to the air, it was impossible for me to tell exactly which was yours. However, finding one that appeared to me of your size, I concluded it was yours, and washed its face with my tears. I even thought I could discern some of your august features; which so increased my grief, that I fainted on the body, which I held clasped in my arms. The Arab separated me. I remained above an hour in this condition; but I at last came to myself. With some broken sabres that we found on the spot, we then dug a hole large enough to contain this body, which we accordingly put into it; and, having covered it with the earth, left the place full of horror and affliction.

You must now represent me to yourself at sea with Aben-azar, with an intention of setting out for Astracan, as soon as we should arrive at Ormus. The winds proved very favourable, and we were in hourly expectation of reaching our port, when a terrible storm surprised us, which, after beating our vessel for sixteen days successively, at last dashed it to pieces against a rock that seemed to lie at no great distance from the main land. Few of us perished by this shipwreck, as we floated ashore on the remains of the vessel. But judge what was our surprise, when our pilot informed us that we were on a desert island, to which the king of Serendib generally banished such of his subjects as deserved death; that there came no ship to it but once a year, and that sometimes, even for want of criminals, there did not come any ship for many years.

This was very disagreeable news. We surveyed the island, however, but found only a few slight houses in ruins, and no inhabitants. For a whole month together we subsisted by dint of economy on some provisions which the waves brought us from the wreck, and were afterwards obliged to have recourse to some fruits of a very disagreeable taste. In fine, the greatest part of the ship's company were dead through want and hardship, when we perceived at some distance a ship that seemed to be bound for the island; nor were we deceived in our conjectures; it proved to be a ship with criminals from Serendib, by whom we learned that no ship had been there for three years before; and had this ship arrived but a few days later, we should have all infallibly perished.

The criminals, who amounted to five

only, were put ashore with some few eatables; and then, the captain having taken us on board, we set sail for Ormus. There now remained but nine of us alive; Aben-azar was of their number; and I arrived safe with him at Serendib. I shall not enlarge on the riches and magnificence of this young monarch, but must just tell you, that he is one of the wisest and most powerful kings in the whole world, and that he received us with the greatest distinction. My sufferings on the desert island, and the fatigues of the voyage, had made such an impression on me, that I was no longer the same person. His majesty, however, thought he could distinguish some remains of beauty in my features; and, having ordered that I should be treated with the greatest tenderness and respect, rest and good fare soon made such an alteration in me for the better, as engaged his majesty's particular attention.

I lodged with Aben-azar, who always passed for my husband, in a house near the palace, and received every moment fresh marks of the desire his majesty had of contributing to my satisfaction; but his assiduities were too respectful to alarm my modesty. His passion, however, increased daily, and in a short time became so violent, that he resolved to do every thing that in justice could be done, to break a union whose closeness created him so much jealousy. He sent for Aben-azar; and, after having made use of the greatest precautions to discover his love to him, he offered him immense riches, and his choice besides of twenty of the finest women in his seraglio, if he would but surrender me to him, and engage me to make his passion a suitable return.

Aben-azar who was well acquainted with the secrets of my heart, and knew that I would pay but little regard to the king's interested sentiments, was thunder-struck at this proposal. "My lord," said he to the king, "if it depended on me alone to satisfy your majesty's desires, I assure you I would readily sacrifice my own interests and inclination; but, when I married the beautiful Fatme," (this was the name I gave myself at Aden and at Serendib) I bound myself, by the most dreadful imprecations, never to divorce her against her consent. If, therefore, you can prevail on her to consent to my parting with her, I swear not to oppose her inclinations, notwithstanding the grief I must feel at the loss of a wife of so much merit, but shall surrender her to you directly. But you must prepare her for the proposal by every kind and engaging means your ingenious love can devise; otherwise she would certainly take fright at the bare thoughts of a separation, which she has a thousand times assured me would make her the unhappiest woman in the whole world." It was impossible to answer the king of Serendib in a more prudent and discreet manner. The amorous monarch embraced Aben-azar a thousand times, and loaded him with favours.

I was soon made acquainted with the king's pretensions. Whatever reluctance I felt in flattering a passion to which I resolved to make no concessions contrary to those tender sentiments which my heart ever cherished for your august majesty, Aben-azar recommended the imposition with such solid arguments, that

I was obliged to feign and express some regard for this prince. He no sooner began to perceive, as he imagined, the progress he had made in my affections, than he gave the most open marks of his satisfaction by a thousand public rejoicings, where profusion and magnificence vied with each other. Aben-azar even, my lord, who as well as myself imagined you was dead, advised me with great earnestness to make the king's tenderness a suitable return, and accept of the crown of Serendib. But I can easily assure you, my lord, and the rest of my adventures prove it, that I never seriously listened to the proposal, however glorious it might have been. In fine, the monarch, who had abstained for three months from any precise declaration, began to flatter himself so much with the hopes of being loved, and of obtaining my consent for a separation from Aben-azar, that he was on the point of offering me his hand and his throne, when Abubeker's arrival at Serendib put an end to all his designs.

I shall now leave, my lord, to this faithful subject the care of acquainting your majesty with the rest of my adventures; and shall only tell you, that I was transported with joy when I learned from him that you were still alive; the knowledge of which made me think it proper to inform the king of Serendib of my rank, and the imposition of Aben-azar. However amorous this monarch was, as soon as he got the better of the amazement caused in him by the relation of my own and your majesty's adventures, he generously renounced his pretensions to a heart that could not consent to be his, and offered me every assistance within the reach of his greatness for my return to Astracan. I only accepted of a ship to carry me to Ormus. Our voyage has been happy. After this, I crossed Persia with no other company than that of the faithful Aben-azar (who I now present to your majesty,) and Abubeker, who did not know who I was; and I have had the comfort, my lord, of restoring you your sight; and along with it a spouse, who has always counted it hitherto, and will ever count it, her chief happiness to please your majesty, and to be tenderly loved by him.

The king of Astracan could not retain his tears at these new assurances of tenderness given him by his beloved Zebd-El-caton. On his side, he vowed her a thousand times an eternal love; and afterwards, turning to Abubeker, desired him to speak in his turn. "Whatever impatience I may have, my dear friend, to hear the conclusion of the adventures of my beautiful queen, I must desire you will not omit any circumstances of those you must yourself have met in so long a voyage. I make no doubt but some of them have been singular enough; but, be that as it will, I am ready to hear you with the greatest pleasure." Abubeker replied only by a very profound inclination, to signify his obedience; and then returning to his seat, gave his majesty the following account of what had happened to him since his departure from Astracan:

You know, my lord, that the jokes of the physicians of Astracan proved a powerful motive to spur me on to undertake this voyage; but I must candidly own, that I soon began to repent my having given credit to the Arabian manuscript.

I was very young when I read it; so that I retained but a very imperfect and confused notion of its contents, and was no ways certain that the bird in question was to be found at Serendib: I resolved, therefore, before I took the road for that island, to go and consult some of those famous philosophers who live on a small mountain in the heart of India. I therefore left Astracan with this intention; and, after crossing the Caspian Sea, arrived at Derbent,* where I sought, in vain, for the woman I wanted to restore your majesty's sight; she was not to be found there, or in any other part of Persia. I then went to Tauris, from Tauris to Hispahan, and from Hispahan to Schiraz, where I made some stay. But may I take the liberty of acquainting you, sir, with my adventures in this city? I think I may, as your majesty has so peremptorily commanded me not to hide any part of them; and this part may afford you some diversion.

I had heard some people speak of the *cadi* of Schiraz's daughter, as of a complete beauty. I had often seen her pass by the door of the house where I lodged; and, though her face and her shape were hid by a large and very thick veil, I had formed to myself so ravishing an idea of her perfections, that I entirely lost my appetite. But a sudden blast of wind having one day raised the veil that hid so many perfections, the sight of them dazzled me so much, that I resolved to try every means of gaining the heart of so accomplished a lady. I did not recollect that I was almost fifty, and consequently no longer at an age proper to excite tender desires in the heart of a young person; my foolish passion made me forget every thing. I acquainted an old woman who lived in the *cadi's* neighbourhood, and had access to his house, with my love for Schahiar, (this was my charmer's name) and promised her a considerable sum if she could make any impression on the young lady's heart in my favour. The old woman pretended to go about the affair with great earnestness; and, after representing my mistress to me sometimes cruel, and sometimes compassionate, at last assured me that she was ready to make me happy. I paid dearly for this information, and prepared myself for the rendezvous I had received. I dressed myself in the most elegant manner I could, and failed not to attend at the hour appointed. The old woman introduced me into the *cadi's* house; and a young female slave having conducted me by a back-stair to the top of the house, shut me up in a closet, where the object of my wishes soon after made her appearance. I was so ravished with the sight of her, that I immediately threw myself at her feet; which I was embracing, in spite of all the resistance she could make, without being able to speak a single word, when the *cadi* her father entered the room. I was thunder-struck at the sight of him; and Schahiar, fainting away on seeing the fury that appeared in his eyes. He ordered her to be removed to her apartment; and I remained the sole object of his vengeance. At first he appeared determined to have me immediately put to death; but changed his resolution, ordering me to be bound hand and foot, and left me in the charge of two slaves till the day following; when he intended to punish my insolence in a public and exemplary manner.

It is impossible for me to make you sensible of my grief and confusion in this sad situation. I saw I was to die; but I was only sorry for it on your majesty's account. I did nothing but reproach myself with being the cause of rendering your sufferings perpetual. I thought I could discover in the slaves that watched me some signs of compassion for my con-

* A town of the province of Servan in Persia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus. This town is called *Temir-Capi*, or Gate of Iron, because it is a pass that secures Persia from the inroads of its enemies.

cern. I offered them every thing in my power if they could let me escape. At first they rejected my proposal; but one of them, feigning himself more affected with my distress than the other, at length argued his companion into a compliance; nothing therefore remained but to determine in what manner I should make my escape. The closet where I was had a little window to the street; and they proposed letting me down by it into the street with the ropes that served to bind me. I accepted the proposal with joy; and, after being untied, prepared myself to put it in execution; but unluckily the window was so small, that with much ado I could get naked through it. I made no difficulty of stripping myself for that purpose all to my shirt, my keepers promising to throw me my clothes as soon as I was got down. I then, with some difficulty, worked my way through the window, and slipped down the rope, which unfortunately proved too short for my purpose; and the darkness of the night hindered me from seeing how much it wanted of reaching the ground. However, as there was no other way left of escaping the *cadi's* anger, I resolved to let myself fall to the ground at all events: accordingly I let go my hold. But I leave your majesty to judge of my surprise, when I found myself surrounded with a net that had been placed on purpose to receive me, and heard my guards ready to burst with laughing at the condition I was in. Ah, my lord! you cannot conceive the greatness of my grief and rage in finding that I had been thus tricked by Schahiar, and that she took so cruel a vengeance of my passion for her. I made a thousand sad reflections on my misfortunes, and as many attempts to force the meshes of my net; but all in vain, the scheme was too well concerted. I passed the night, which was pretty cold, in this cruel situation; and the next day had the mortification of seeing all Schiraz flock about me to see so diverting a spectacle. In fine, the *cadi* put an end to the entertainment in the evening. The net was let down, I was taken out of it; and then received, by his directions, fifty strokes of a stick, well laid on, on the soles of my feet: they then returned me my clothes, and set me loose to return to my lodging by favour of the night. I got home with some difficulty, without letting my landlord know the real cause of my absence. He had been one of the first spectators of my disgrace, but happily without knowing who I was. However, I had the mortification of hearing my adventure related from beginning to end, and even of being obliged to laugh heartily at the scene, for fear of leaving him any room to suspect me of having acted the principal part in it.

You may well imagine, that I soon got the better of my passion, and that I made no great stay at Schiraz, where I had been played such a trick. The day following I set out for Ormus; where going on board the first ship bound for India, we landed at Diu;* but I had no better success here than elsewhere; what I wanted was not to be found. I then traversed part of India; and at length arrived at the habitation of the Sages, or Gymnosophists, of India.† These philosophers live on a very high moun-

* The island of Diu is at about twenty miles from the mouth of the Gulf of Cambay: the Indians calling it *Dive*, but pronounce this last letter very softly. This word, in the Indian language, signifies Island; and this island is called simply *Diū*, or *Dive*, by way of eminence.

† This habitation of the wise Indians, who differed but very little from the *Jogues* or *Jogis*, of whom I have already made mention, is situated just in the centre of India. On the mountain where they dwell there was a sacred well, and the most solemn oath a man could take was to swear by this well; near which there was to be seen a great basin in form of a chafing-dish, full of fire, that yielded a lead-colour flame, without smell or smoke, and without ever rising higher than the edges of the basin. To this place the Indians used to come to purify themselves of the sins they had committed; for this reason the sages call this well "the Well of Sin," and the

tain almost in the midst of a plain, and surrounded with a rock, as likewise with a strong wall. This place is generally covered with a very thick fog, which serves to render its inhabitants visible or invisible as they think proper: but it is probable they were not averse to my undertaking, since I easily reached their mountain, where I saw those uncommon rarities, the well of sin, the basin of pardon, the tuns so serviceable to India, and the sacred fire, which they boast to have kindled directly by the rays of the sun. But, my lord, you may conceive better than I can express, what reason I had to be satisfied with my journey to this place, when the sages informed me that I should not only find at Serendib the bird mentioned in the Arabian manuscript, but likewise the only person destined to restore you your sight. After a few days stay, I took shipping for Serendib, and at last fortunately arrived there.

My first care, as soon as I landed on the island, was to inquire where I could find the bird I wanted. I heard, with great pleasure, that it was in the king's gardens. I then thought of nothing else but discovering the woman that was likewise requisite on the occasion; and, for this purpose, assembled by proclamation the wives of all the blind men in the island. There appeared an infinite number of them. I let them know my business, and promised great rewards; but not one of them would venture to climb the dangerous tree, or flatter herself with the hopes of being able to restore your majesty's sight. I was prodigiously cast down at this disappointment, and began to doubt of the truth of the Indian sages, when the king of the island sent one of his vizirs to me. My adventures had made too much noise in the island, not to reach his majesty's ears. He was curious enough to desire to hear them from my own mouth; and I had the honour of relating, my lord, all your history, from its beginning to my departure from Astracan, in the presence of a well-looking young man, and a lady in a veil, who seemed to be mightily affected with every thing I said.

This monarch expressed great concern at your misfortunes; but he could not refrain laughing at my uneasiness for not finding a woman who thought her virtue and conjugal affection pure enough to climb the tree of Serendib. "There is a tradition," said he, "that the wonderful bird, in one of my gardens, is a genius; who has lived in that form there two hundred years past, on account of some offence given by him to one of the sages who live on the mountain of the sacred fire. I know likewise, that he is to continue in bondage till a woman shall have climbed up to the top of the tree where he resides; and, after gathering some of the divine liquor that distils from his bill, shall get down again without experiencing the fatal effects of the tree: but then she must have so many and so rare qualifications, that I really believe that the enchanter must always remain a bird, and that the king of Astracan will never recover his sight by this means."

The lady in the veil expressed some resentment at the king's raillery. "But what, my lord!" said she, "is it because such a woman is scarce, you think it impossible to find her?" "If you will permit me, madam, to speak ingenuously," replied the king, "I believe Abubeker looks for what he will never meet, and that a woman of so singular a character can only be considered an imaginary

basin, "the Basin of Pardon." Here were likewise two tuns of black stone, one for rain and the other for wind. That for rain used to be opened when India was afflicted with a severe drought, and there immediately issued from it clouds that soon covered it with rain from one end to another: and when the rain began to exceed the wants of the country, it immediately ceased enclosing the other tun, and the weather grew serene and temperate. It was in this place, too, that the priests came for the sacred fire made use of in their sacrifices.

being."—"Well, then, my lord," said the lady, raising her veil, I am resolved to convince you of your mistake, and vindicate the honour of my sex, which you so much despise. I myself will make a trial of the dangerous tree; and will shew more resolution than a great number of women, who have, as well as myself, the conditions requisite to climb it, and only want courage to attempt it."—"You, madam!" cried out the king of Serendib, in great consternation; "you try the dangerous tree! Do you consider well what you say? And though I should permit you to undertake it, you ought to reflect a little that you have not all the necessary qualifications; that to succeed you must be the wife of a blind man, and that your husband has a good pair of eyes."—"Let that not make your majesty uneasy," replied the lady, with great coolness; "I shall in due time clear up that mystery to you; but I cannot, consistently with my duty, defer any longer the steps necessary for the king of Astracan's recovery."

The frightened monarch in vain opposed the lady's resolution; she was not to be diverted from it: and all the satisfaction he could obtain, was to make her defer the execution of her design to the next day. I lodged this night at the palace by the king's orders; and the report being spread all over the island, that a woman was found bold enough to venture on the dangerous tree, the palace was by day-break surrounded by an infinite number of people, who petitioned they might be permitted to behold so strange a sight. The king granted their request, ordered the gates of the garden to be thrown open to them, and then conducted by the hand the lady, who had no doubt informed his majesty who she was, to the foot of the tree, as he had no longer any reason to be in pain about her safety. She then threw off a long gown that might encumber her; and climbing with great ease from branch to branch, at length reached the top of the tree, gathered the precious liquor that distilled from the bird's bill, in a flagon of gold tied to her girdle, and came down with the same ease she went up. Upon this the air resounded with a thousand acclamations of admiration and joy; and the surprise of the spectators was still increased on seeing the bird, who had been so long confined, soar freely into the skies; and the tree wither away to such a degree, that there did not remain a single leaf on it.

The king of Serendib thought he could never sufficiently commend and admire a lady who had given so shining an example of virtue and conjugal affection. "How happy is Schems-Eddin," said he, "to possess such a woman!—Ah, my dear Abubeker! let him know, I beg of you, how rejoiced I am at his good fortune. It is so extraordinary, that I cannot see any thing to equal it." The lady in the veil listened to these praises with a modesty that added new charms to her beauty. What shall I say to you, my lord? (continued the physician.) After having stayed at Serendib just as long as it was necessary to prepare for our return, we left it, loaded with favours by the wise and powerful monarch who reigns there with so much justice and moderation, and arrived at Ormus without experiencing any of those disasters which voyages by sea of such a length are generally attended with. We then crossed Persia, and are now at last happily arrived at Astracan; where I have learned, and not before, from the mouth of the incomparable Zebd-El-caton, that Aben-azar, whom I always considered as her husband, is nothing less; and have the happiness of finding that, at the same time I have contributed to restore you your sight, I have likewise that of bringing you back an illustrious consort, that you had so long bewailed as lost for ever, and without whom your joy would have been imperfect. May Heaven, my lord, propitious to my vows,

grant your majesty, and this incomparable princess, a long series of happiness, uninterrupted by sickness or old age! and may the ladies of Paradise, on God's assigning one day their portions in your love, place all their happiness in being beloved by you as much as the divine Zebd-El-caton has now the happiness of being.

The wishes of Abubeker were fully accomplished. Schems-Eddin, the happy Schems-Eddin, loaded him, and Aben-azar, with favours; and lived in the most exemplary union with his wife, who bore him many children, worthy heirs of their royal parents' virtues. And this illustrious pair felt for each other, in their old days, those tender sentiments which one would imagine youth alone could experience.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loom and who winn; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Sir Boyle Roche, who, possessing a very extraordinary memory, had ministerial speeches prepared for him by the late Mr. Edward Cooke, which he used to deliver very correctly. There were some occasions which the worthy baronet's eloquence was not previously thought necessary, and of course no speech was prepared for him. But he was an old soldier, and too full of the *esprit de corps*, to look calmly on the conflict without a zeal for taking his share of the battle. He sometimes there ventured to volunteer an extempore philippic of his own; and then it was his native genius shone with all its genuine splendour, pure from the mine, and unmarred by the technical touches of any treasury artist;—then it was, that all the figures of a national rhetoric, to use the phrase of Junius, "danced the hays through his speech in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion."

Upon one occasion of this kind, the worthy baronet was doomed to sit dumb, while he anxiously longed to distinguish himself in the contest. He felt his mind pregnant with ardour to shine forth. He endeavoured to collect his scattered sentiments and combine them into some shape for delivery; but in vain. He retired to the coffee-room to reconnoitre his notions, and endeavour to marshal them into some form for operation, but without effect,—all was "confusion worse confounded." A lucky expedient crossed his fancy, and he was determined to seize the opportunity.

There was a ministerial member in the house, a learned Serjeant Stanley, who was usually in the habit of rising towards the end of a long protracted debate, and about three or four in the morning, amusing the house with an important speech of an hour or more, ingeniously compiled from the fragments of other speeches which he had previously heard in the course of the discussion: but, having so often played off this manoeuvre, he was a good deal bantered by his senatorial colleagues upon his skill in selection: so that he at last determined to attempt something original: and had composed a long speech for the purpose, and anxiously waited to catch the speaker's eye, that he might take the earliest opportunity of delivering his oration, adorned as it was with all the flowers of his wit and fancy. This gentleman just stepped into the coffee-room to cast an eye over his composition and refresh his memory. Sir Boyle took a seat near him, and in the course of conversation, as he darted off in a hurry to catch an opportunity for speaking, unfortunately his speech fell from his pocket on the floor. Sir Boyle picked it up, and on reading it over, thought it would admirably suit his own purpose:

"it was just the very thing he wanted." At a second reading, his powerful memory rendered him master of the whole. He returned to his seat in the house, and took the earliest opportunity of delivering the borrowed oration, to the great astonishment of the whole assembly, and to the utter consternation of Mr. Stanley, who sat biting his nails with anguish, at hearing his elaborate performance, which cost him a week to manufacture, and which had vanished he knew not how, delivered by Sir Boyle, and lost to his own fame for ever. The worthy baronet, having finished this oration, amidst the plaudits of his friends, returned to the coffee-room, where he met the mortified composer; and, without waiting for a formal denouement, addressed him cordially with "my dear friend Stanley, here is your speech again; and I thank you kindly for the loan of it. I never was so much at a loss for a speech in all my life; but sure it is not a pin worse for wear, and now you may go on and speak it again yourself, as soon as you please." The discomfiture of Mr. Stanley is easier conceived than described; but the story caught wind, and excited infinite pleasure at his expense.

On another occasion, an opposition member had appointed a day for a popular motion, on some national subject; and, for nearly a month before, he had been daily moving for official documents, as materials to illustrate his observations. When the night for the discussion arrived, those documents appeared piled upon the table of the house in voluminous array; and the orator, preparatory to his opening speech, moved that they be now read by the clerk, in order the better to prepare the house for more clearly understanding the observations he was about to submit. This operation would have occupied the clerk, and the silent attention of the members, for at least two hours. The house was extremely full; the whole assembly stared at each other; a rueful buzz murmured from bench to bench; and several members observed, that the reading would occupy the whole night,—while others shrunk silently away, unwilling to abide so formidable a trial of their patience. Sir Boyle Roche, however, suggested a happy expedient for obviating the difficulty, by rising to move that a dozen or two of committee clerks might be called in, and each taking a portion of the documents, all might read together, by which means they might get through the whole in a quarter of an hour. This suggestion, offered with profound gravity, was so highly ludicrous, that the house joined in a universal laugh, and the question was actually postponed for the night, to give time for the mover to form a more succinct arrangement for introducing his motion.

Female Fortitude.—The following interesting account of Mons. and Mad. O. is taken from Mr. Carr's *Stranger in France*; or a Tour from Devonshire to Paris:—

"M. O. spoke of his lady with all the tender eulogium of a young lover. Their union was entirely from attachment, and had been resisted on the part of Madame O. when he first addressed her, only because her fortune was humble, compared with his. He informed me, and I must not suppress the story, that in the time of blood, this amiable woman, who is remarkable for the delicacy of her mind, and for the beauty and majesty of her person, displayed a degree of coolness and courage, which, in the field of battle, would have covered the hero with laurels. One evening, a short period before the family left France, a party of those murderers, who were sent for by Robespierre, from the frontiers which divide France from Italy, and who were by that arch-fiend employed in all the butcheries and horrid massacres of Paris, entered the peaceful village of La Reine,

in search of Mons. O. His lady saw them advancing, and anticipating their errand, had just time to give her husband intelligence of their approach, who left his chateau by a back door, and secreted himself in the house of a neighbour. Madame O. with perfect composure, went out to meet them, and received them in the most gracious manner. They sternly demanded Mons. O. She informed them that he had left the country; and after engaging them in conversation, she conducted them into her drawing room, and regaled them with her best wines, and made her servants attend upon them with unusual deference and ceremony. Their appearance was altogether horrible; they wore leather aprons, which were sprinkled all over with blood, they had large horse-pistols in their belts, and a dirk and sabre by their sides. Their looks were full of ferocity, and they spoke a harsh, dissonant patois, or country language. Over their cups they talked about the bloody business of that day's occupation; in the course of which they drew out their dirks, and wiped from their handles clots of blood and hair. Madame O. sat with them, undismayed by their frightful deportment. After drinking several bottles of Champaign and Burgundy, these savages began to grow good-humoured, and seemed to be completely fascinated by the amiable, unembarrassed, and hospitable behaviour of their fair landlady. After carousing till midnight, they pressed her to retire, observing, that they had been received so handsomely, that they were convinced Mons. O. had been misrepresented, and was no enemy to the good cause; they added, that they found the wines excellent, and after drinking two or three bottles more, they would leave the house, without causing her any reason to regret their admission. Madame O. with all the appearance of perfect tranquillity and confidence in their promises, wished her unwelcome visitors a good night; and after visiting her children in their rooms, she threw herself upon her bed, with a loaded pistol in each hand, and overwhelmed with suppressed agony and agitation, she soundly slept till she was called by her servants, two hours after the wretches were gone.

Diary of a Surinam Planter.—A planter in Surinam, when he lives on his estate, which is but seldom, as they mostly prefer the society of Paramaribo, gets out of his hammock with the rising sun, viz. about six o'clock in the morning, when he makes his appearance under the piazza of his house, where his coffee is ready waiting for him, which he generally takes with his pipe, instead of toast and butter; and then he is attended by half a dozen of the finest young slaves, both males and female, of the plantation to serve him; at this *sanctum sanctorum* he is next accosted by his overseer, who regularly every morning attends at his levee; and having made his bows at several yards distance, with the most profound respect, informs his greatness what work was done the day before; what negroes deserted, died, fell sick; recovered, were bought or born; and, above all things, which of them neglected their work, affected sickness, or had been drunk or absent, &c. The prisoners are generally present, being secured by the negro drivers, and instantly tied up to the beams of the piazza, or a tree, without so much as being heard in their own defence; when the flogging begins with men, women, and children, without exception. The instruments of torture on these occasions are long hempen whips, that cut round at every lash, and crack like pistol shot; during which they alternately repeat, *Dankee, Maser* (thank you, master.) In the mean time he stalks up and down with his overseer, affecting not so much as to hear their cries, till they are sufficiently mangled, when they

are untied, and ordered to return to their work, without so much as a dressing.

This ceremony being over, the dressy negro, a black surgeon, comes to make his report; who being dismissed with a hearty curse, for allowing any slaves to be sick, next makes her appearance a superannuated matron, with all the young negro children of the estate, over whom she is governess; these being clean washed in the river, clap their hands, and cheer in chorus, when they are sent away to breakfast on a large platter of rice and plantains; and the levee ends with a low bow from the overseer, as it begun.

His worship now saunters out in his morning dress, which consists of a pair of the finest Holland trowsers, white silk stockings, and red or yellow morocco slippers; the neck of his shirt open, and nothing over it, a loose flowing nightgown of the finest India chintz excepted. On his head is a cotton night-cap, as thin as a cobweb, and over that an enormous beaver hat, that protects his meagre visage from the sun, which is already the colour of mahogany, while his whole carcass seldom weighs above eight or ten stone, being generally exhausted by the climate and dissipation.

Having loitered about his estate, or sometimes ridden on horseback to his fields, to view his increasing stores, he returns about eight o'clock, when, if he goes abroad, he dresses, but if not, remains just as he is. Should the first take place, he is conducted to his barge, which is in waiting for him with six or eight oars, well provided with fruit, wine, water, and tobacco, by his overseer. But should this prince not mean to stir from his estate, he goes to breakfast about ten o'clock, for which a table is spread in the large hall, provided with a bacon ham, hung-beef, fowls, or pigeons broiled; plantains and sweet cassava's roasted; bread, butter, cheese, &c. with which he drinks strong beer, and a glass of madeira, rhenish, or mozell wine, while the cringing overseer sits at the farther end, keeping his proper distance, both being served by the most beautiful slaves that can be selected;—and this is called breaking the poor gentleman's fast.

After this he takes a book, plays at chess or billiards, entertains himself with music, &c. till the heat of the day forces him to return to his cotton hammock to enjoy his meridian nap, which he could no more dispense with than a Spaniard with his *siesta*, and in which he rocks to and fro, like a performer in the slack rope, till he falls asleep, without either bed or covering; and during which time he is fanned by a couple of his black attendants, to keep him cool, &c.

About three o'clock he awakes by a natural instinct; when, having washed and perfumed himself, he sits down to dinner, attended, as at breakfast, by his deputy governor and sooty pages, where nothing is wanting that the world can afford in a western climate, of meat, fowls, venison, fish, vegetables, fruit, &c. and the most exquisite wines are often squandered in profusion; after this a cup of strong coffee and a liqueur finish the repast. At six o'clock he is again visited by his overseer, attended as in the morning by negro drivers and prisoners, when the flogging once more having continued for some time, and the necessary orders being given for the next day's work, the assembly is dismissed, and the evening spent with weak punch, sangaree, cards, and tobacco. His worship generally begins to yawn about ten or eleven o'clock, when he withdraws, and is undressed by his sooty pages. He then retires to rest, where he passes the night in the arms of one or other of his sable sultanas (for he always keeps a seraglio) till about six in the morning, when he again repairs to his piazza walk, where his pipe and coffee are waiting for him, and where, with the rising sun, he begins his round of dissipation, like a petty monarch, as capricious as he is despotic and despicable.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER.

FIELD SPORTS OF INDIA.

Johnston, in his amusing "Sketches of India," a work recently published in London, gives the following account of the Field Sports of the natives:—

Shecarries (or professed hunters) are generally Hindoos of a low cast, who gain their livelihood entirely by catching birds, hares, and all sorts of animals; some of them confine themselves to catching birds and hares, whilst others practise the art of catching birds and various animals; another description of them live by destroying tigers. Those who catch birds equip themselves with a frame work of split bamboos, resembling the frame of a paper kite, the shape of the top of a coffin, and the height of a man, to which green bushes are fastened, leaving two loop holes, to see through, and one lower down for their rod to be inserted through. This frame-work, which is very light, they fasten before them when they are in the act of catching birds, by which means they have both hands at liberty, and are completely concealed from the view of the birds. The rod which they use is about twenty-four feet long, resembling a fishing-rod, the parts of which are inserted within one another, and the whole contained in a walking-stick. They also carry with them horse-hair nooses of different sizes and strength, which they fasten to the rod; likewise birdlime, and a variety of calls for the different kinds of birds, with which they imitate them to the greatest nicety. They take with them likewise two lines to which horse hair nooses are attached for catching larger birds, and a bag or net to carry their game.

Thus equipped, they sally forth, and as they proceed through the different covers, they use calls for such birds as generally resort there, which from constant practice is well known to them, and if any birds answer their call, they prepare accordingly for catching them; supposing it to be a bevy of quail, they continue calling them, until they are quite close, they then arm the top of their rod with a feather smeared with birdlime, and pass it through the loop-hole in their frame of ambush, and to which they continue adding other parts, until they have five or six out, which they use with great dexterity, and touch one of the quails with the feather, which adheres to them; they then withdraw the rod, arm it again, and touch three or four more in the same manner, before they attempt to secure any of them.

In this way they catch all sorts of small birds not much larger than quail, on the ground and in trees. If a brown or black partridge answers their call, instead of birdlime, they fasten a horse-hair noose to the top of their rod, and when they are close to the birds, they keep dipping the top of their rod with considerable skill until they fasten the noose on one of their necks, they then draw him in, and go on catching others in the same way. It is surprising to see with what cool perseverance they proceed. In a similar manner they catch all kinds of birds, nearly the size of partridges.

The larger animals are also snared by nooses disposed in their haunts; and among others the hyena, the natural history of which is imperfect, inasmuch as it is asserted they are untamable. On the contrary, a servant, named Thomas Jones, who lived at Chittrah, had a full grown hyena which ran loose about his house like a dog, and I have seen him play with it with as much familiarity. They feed on small animals and carrion, and I believe often come in for the prey

left by tigers and leopards after their appetites have been satiated. They are great enemies of dogs, and kill numbers of them.

Bears will often continue on the road in front of the palanquin for a mile or two, tumbling and playing all sorts of antics, as if they were taught to do so; I believe it is their natural disposition, for they certainly are the most amusing creatures imaginable in their wild state. It is no wonder that with monkeys they are led about to amuse mankind. It is astonishing as well as ludicrous to see them climb rocks, and tumble or rather roll down precipices. If they are attacked by a person on horseback, they stand erect on their hind legs, showing a fine set of white teeth, and making a cackling kind of noise: If the horse comes near them, they try to catch him by the legs, and if they miss him they tumble over and over several times. They are easily speared by a person mounted on a horse that is bold enough to go near them.

The elephant, if not so sportive as the bear, claims the higher character of sagacity. For example: an elephant belonging to Mr. Boddam of the Bengal civil service, at Gyah, used every day to pass over a small bridge leading from his master's house, into the town of Gyah; he one day refused to go over it, and it was with great difficulty, by goading him most cruelly with the *Hunkuss*, (iron instrument,) that the *Mahout* (driver) could get him to venture on the bridge, the strength of which he first tried with his trunk, showing clearly that he suspected that it was not sufficiently strong; at last he went on, and before he could get over, the bridge gave way, and they were precipitated into the ditch, which killed the driver and considerably injured the elephant. It is reasonable to suppose that the elephant must have perceived its feeble state when he last passed over it. It is a well known fact, that elephants will seldom or ever go over strange bridges, without first trying with their trunks if they be sufficiently strong to bear their weight,—nor will they ever go into a boat without doing the same.

I had a remarkably quiet and docile elephant, which one day came home loaded with branches of trees for provender, followed by a number of villagers, calling for mercy (their usual cry when ill used;) complaining that the *Mahout* had stolen a kid from them, and that it was then on the elephant under the branches of the trees.—The *Mahout* took an opportunity of decamping into the village and hiding himself. I ordered the elephant to be unloaded, and was surprised to see that he would not allow any person to come near to him, when at all other times he was perfectly tractable and obedient. Combining all the circumstances, I was convinced that the *Mahout* was guilty, and to get rid of the noise, I recompensed the people for the loss of their kid. As soon as they were gone away, the elephant allowed himself to be unloaded, and the kid was found under the branches, as described by the people. I learnt from my *Sayer*, that similar complaints had been made to him before, and that the rascal of a *Mahout* made it a practice to ride the elephant into the midst of a herd of goats, and had taught him to pick up any of the young ones he directed; he had also accustomed him to steal their pumpkins and other vegetables that grow against the inside of their fences like French beans, which could only be reached by an elephant. He was the best *Mahout* I ever knew, and so great a rogue, that I was obliged to discharge him.

The very day that he left my service, the elephant's eyes were closed, which he did not open again in less than a fortnight, when it was discovered that he was blind.—Two small eschars, one in each eye, were visible, which indicated pretty strongly that he had been made blind by

some sharp instrument, most probably by a heated needle. The suspicion was very strong against the former keeper, of whom I never heard any thing after. The elephant I frequently rode on, shooting, for many years after this, through heavy covers, intersected with ravines, rivers, and over hollow and uneven ground, and he scarcely ever made a false step with me, and never once tumbled. He used to touch the ground with his trunk on every spot where his feet were to be placed, and in so light and quick a manner as scarcely to be perceived. The *Mahout* would often make him remove large stones, lumps of earth, or timber, out of his way, and frequently climb up and down banks, that no horse could get over; he would also occasionally break off branches of trees that were in the way of the *Howdah* to enable me to pass. Although perfectly blind, he was considered one of the best sporting elephants of his small size in the country, and he travelled at a tolerably good rate, and was remarkably easy in his paces.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

The *Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin*, Esq. late Major in the — Regiment of Infantry.

No. II.

"After Winchester's defeat and capture, the next service in which the British and Indian forces co-operated, was the siege of Fort Meigs, situated on the American shores of Lake Erie. The number of native warriors who had appeared in arms against Hull's and Winchester's troops had never exceeded five hundred; but such was now the effect upon the general mind of their nation, of the success of the British on these occasions, that, in the expedition against Fort Meigs, full twelve hundred of their fighting men were present. The whole of this force, without possessing any formally constituted leader, was, in fact, under the absolute guidance of one man—the master-spirit of his race, the heroic and talented *Tecumthe*. Of this highly-gifted individual, who, it has with truth been said, 'united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the children of the forest, and with them intelligence and feeling that belonged not to the savage,' I shall here offer some slight account.

"Among the tribe of the Shawanese, inhabiting the country about one hundred miles to the south of Lake Michigan, there were two brothers, who, a few years before our war with the United States, had gained great influence over their fellow-warriors by qualities usually most valuable in savage life. The one, who had persuaded the tribe that he possessed what in Scotland would have been termed second-sight, was known among them by the name of the Prophet, and seems at first to have been the favourite of the two; the other, *Tecumthe*, had, without the aid of inspiration, raised himself to the situation of a chief by his tried hardihood, and that natural superiority of genius which sometimes in civilized communities, and almost always in a rude state of society, will challenge deference from common minds. The tribe, under direction of the Prophet, ventured upon hostilities with their old enemy, the back-settlers of the states; and for some time carried on a most harassing contest against them, after the Indian mode of warfare. At length, however, lulled into security by confidence in the supernatural powers of their Prophet, and neglecting that caution which is generally so marked a trait in the Indian character, they were surprised by an American corps in the dead

of the night, on the banks of the Wabash, and almost annihilated. *Tecumthe*, with a small number of warriors, escaped the massacre; but it is probable that the survivors were too few to preserve the separate existence of a tribe; for, while he swayed the whole Indian body, *Tecumthe* could scarcely number a score of immediate followers of his own people.

"As the contest proceeded, there were many opportunities of observing the intelligence of *Tecumthe*, whose support was so necessary to gain the consent of the Indians to any measure of expediency, that he was frequently accompanied by Colonel Elliott, the Indian superintendent, or one of the officers of that department, to the British general's table. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female: he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused, without being at all embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink spiritous liquor of any sort; though, in other respects, he fed like every one else at the table. He said that, in his early youth, he had been greatly addicted to drunkenness—the common vice of the Indian—but that he had found its detrimental effects, and had resolved never again to taste any liquid but water. That an uneducated being could deny himself an indulgence of which he was passionately fond, and to which no disgrace was attached in the opinion of his associates, proves that he had views and feelings to raise him above the level of an unenlightened savage. He had probably anticipated the period when he was to appear as the first man of his nation, and knew that intemperance would disqualify him from holding such a station. He evinced little respect for the arts by which the Prophet had governed his unfortunate tribe, and always spoke of him as "his foolish brother." He had a son, a youth about fourteen or fifteen; but shortly before his fall, when he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur, he strongly enjoined his people not to elect that young man for their chief; "he is too fair, and like a white man," was his reason. *Tecumthe* was not deficient in affection for his son, but he had some prejudice of his nation against a resemblance to the European, the author of all their woes; and he sacrificed his parental attachment to what he considered the advantage of his people. In battle *Tecumthe* was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren; but otherwise, his common dress was a leathern frock descending to the knees, and confined at the waist by a belt; leggings and moccasins for the feet, of the same material completed his clothing. He was rather above the middle stature, the general expressions of his features pleasing, and his eye full of fire and intelligence.

"After the disaster on Lake Erie, a retreat of the troops became unavoidable, to prevent the Americans landing a superior force in their rear; and it was foreseen, that to induce the Indians to retire with them, and to quit their old haunts, would be attended with much difficulty. An assembly of their chiefs was, however, held at Amherstburgh, where the general, by the mouth of his interpreter, opened the business to them, and proposed their accompanying him in his retrograde movement. The Indians were somewhat prepared to expect such an intention of withdrawing from that frontier; but they received the proposal with the greatest indignation, and considered the measure as a desertion of them. *Tecumthe* rose to reply to the interpreter, and nothing could be more striking than the scene which then presented itself. The rest of the assembly seemed to wait with the deepest attention for the delivery of his answer; whilst, holding in his hands a belt of wampum, or beads, which,

by their colours and arrangement, form the Indian record for past events, the instruments of his rude and unlettered eloquence, he proceeded to address the British general in a torrent of vehement and pathetic appeal, for which the wild oratory of savage tribes is often so remarkable. His speech, of which a translation was preserved, is too long for insertion in this place. The chief began by recalling from his wampum the events of the war in which they were engaged, and alluded, in a strain of violent invective, to a circumstance twenty years before, wherein the Indians conceived that the British, after encouraging them to hostility against the Americans, had deserted them in the hour of need; and he inferred that there was now a similar design. In the name of his nation, he positively refused to consent to any retreat, and closed his denial with these words—"The great Spirit gave the lands which we possess to our fathers—if it be his will, our bones shall whiten on them; but we will never quit them." After Tecumthe's harangue was concluded, the council broke up, and the British commander found himself placed, with the few troops which composed his force, in a most critical situation; for there was every reason to expect that the numerous Indians would not confine their indignation to a mere dissolution of the alliance. To convince Tecumthe, in a private interview, of the reasonableness and necessity of retiring, seemed the only mode of extricating the little army from their dilemma; and it was attempted with success. In a room with Colonel Elliott and Tecumthe, a map of the country was produced, the first thing of the kind that the chief had ever seen; and he was in a short time made to understand, that if they remained in their present position, they must infallibly be surrounded by the enemy. It was only necessary to persuade the reason of Tecumthe to ensure his consent, and he undertook to prevail on the tribes to embrace the measure which he now saw to be unavoidable. It was one more example of his talent and influence, that, in spite of all their prejudices and natural affection for the seat of their habitations, in less than seven days from the holding of the council, he had determined a large portion of his nation to give their co-operation to the step, of all others, which they had most violently opposed. The close of Tecumthe's mortal career was now at hand; and after some days of retreat before many thousand Americans, the resolution was taken of giving them battle on advantageous ground on the river of the Thames. The spot chosen was a position crossing the road towards Lake Ontario, and resting on the river. The British were here drawn up in open files in a straggling wood, which prevented any attack upon them in regular order; their left secured by the river, a gun flanking the road, and their right extending towards the Indians, who were posted where the wood thickened, so as to form a retiring angle with them, and to turn the enemy's flank on their advance. This disposition was shown to Tecumthe, who expressed his satisfaction at it, and his last words to the general were, "Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well." He then repaired to his people, and harangued them before they were formed in their places. The small band of our regulars, discouraged by their retreat, and by the privations to which they had long been exposed, gave way on the first advance of the enemy, and no exertion of their commander could rally them. While they were thus quickly routed, Tecumthe and his warriors had almost as rapidly repulsed the enemy; and the Indians continued to push their advantage against them, in ignorance of the disaster of their allies, until their heroic chief fell by a rifle ball, and with him died the spirit of his followers, who were put to flight, and pursued with unrelenting

slaughter. Who, in contemplating the life and death of this untutored savage, can forbear the reflection, that he only wanted a noble sphere and the light of education, to have left a name of brilliant renown in the annals of nations?"

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

LONDON THEATRES.

Covent Garden.—A new tragedy, entitled *Julian*, was performed for the first time at this theatre on the 15th of March last. It is from the pen of Miss Mitford, a lady already known to the literary world as the authoress of some pretty poems.

The scene is laid in Sicily, and the action of the tragedy arises from the virtuous opposition of Prince Julian to the ambitious designs of his father, the Duke of Melfi. The latter, who is uncle to Alfonso, the rightful heir to the Sicilian crown, is, on the demise of the Prince's father, constituted Regent of the kingdom, and guardian of the young monarch. Under the pretence of conducting the Prince to Messina, where it is proposed that his coronation shall take place, Melfi inveigles him into a solitary pass in the mountains, where he attempts to murder his kinsman and his sovereign. At this crisis, Prince Julian, who had ridden from Messina to meet the cavalcade, is attracted to the spot by the cries of Alfonso; he interposes at the moment when Melfi is on the point of slaying the youthful king; and ere he has had an opportunity of seeing the face of the traitor, whose arm is uplifted against his sovereign, he plunges his sword into the side of his father, whom he recognises as he is sinking to the earth. He immediately flies from the scene of blood, accompanied by Alfonso, who travels with him in the disguise of a page. The dreadful reflection that he has slain his parent preys on the sensitive mind of Julian, and during eight days delirium usurps the seat of reason. The play opens with his recovery; and one of its best and most powerful scenes is that in which his bride, Annabel, draws from him, by her passionate endearments, the cause of his strange and sudden malady. Peace revisits his breast when he learns that he has only wounded, not destroyed his father: but his happiness vanishes, when he finds that his father, still obstinate in evil, has propagated a report of the death of Alfonso by the hand of an assassin, and has assembled the barons to witness his coronation as next heir to the crown. Julian, whose loyalty is inflexible, vainly endeavours, in an interview with his father, to dissuade him from his guilty design. One of the best passages in the tragedy occurs in that scene. The unexpected appearance of the young king, whose death had been so confidently reported, excites the suspicion of the nobles. One of them, Count d'Alba, who has received some secret intelligence of the attack which had been made on Alfonso, arrests Melfi on a charge of high treason. He calls on Julian to bear witness against his father. This he indignantly refuses; and he declares, that whatever blood was spilt when Alfonso was attacked, was shed by him. Melfi, when arraigned, in a fit of frenzy, admits the truth of every charge brought against him. He and his son (whose ambiguous declaration is looked upon as a confession of his guilt) are banished. The character of the Count d'Alba is now brought prominently forward. His great object in removing Melfi and Julian from Sicily was, that he might have an opportunity of assailing the virtue of Annabel, whom he had long loved. He contrives to have her inveigled to his castle, where he ur-

ges his suit, but is indignantly spurned. Julian, while weeping over the dead body of his father, whose mental conflict has caused his wound to burst forth afresh, and thus occasioned his dissolution, is informed of the perilous situation of his wife. He hastens to her place of confinement: he gains admission. He tells her that his life is forfeit, the hour at which he should have quitted Sicily having elapsed. There is, he observes, but one way in which she can escape dishonour, and he prepares to kill her. His resolution fails: but, while he is yet parleying, Count d'Alba enters with a number of soldiers. Annabel rushes forward to protect her husband, and receives a fatal wound. The assassins quit the prison; and Julian having thrown his cloak over the dead body of his wife, covers himself with a garment which one of the murderers had left behind him. D'Alba, ignorant of Annabel's death, and exulting in the supposed success of his scheme, returns to the prison. He mistakes Julian for one of his followers; he passionately demands of him where Annabel has retired; and is appalled, when, after an ambiguous conversation, Julian throws aside his disguise, and at the same moment snatches from the lifeless body of his wife the cloak under which it had been shrouded. D'Alba is consigned to the hands of justice, and Julian dies in a state of melancholy delirium.

Of this tragedy the London papers speak rather favourably. More attention, it is thought, had been paid to the marvellous, to striking situations, and to scientific effect, than was exactly consistent with the true spirit of tragedy. The merits of the work, however, are considered as far out-balancing its faults, and as affording an extremely favourable specimen of Miss Mitford's talent for dramatic writing. It went off with almost unanimous applause, and was announced for repetition amidst a very slight degree of disapprobation.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

Great Actors in low Parts.—Epictetus has very judiciously observed, that "it is not to be considered among the actors who is prince or who is beggar, but who act prince or beggar best." Many instances might be brought where some of the most capital performers have shown uncommon excellence even in the shortest character: Garrick in the sick king, in Henry the fourth, second part—Luisign in Zara, &c. was as much applauded as in Richard or Macbeth. Dogget, one of the best comedians of his time, used to perform one of the witches in Macbeth, and Tom Thimble in the Rehearsal, when in the very zenith of his reputation. Norris was so excellent in Dicky in the Constant Couple, that he was ever after called Jubilee Dicky. In the year 1711, when the Rehearsal was performed at Drury-lane, we find his name in the cast of that play for the part of Hey-ho! where there are not above two lines; it is told by a gentleman who saw him in the part, that he always received vast applause. Powell, who was a most excellent actor, and noted for his performances of Lear, Oedipus, &c. performed Prince Prettyman; the celebrated Booth played Aquilius in Mithridates, and Clermont in the Double Gallant; Colley Cibber stuck to the Chaplain in the Orphan, the Mad Englishman in the Pilgrim, and Gibbet in the Beaux Stratagem. Woodward, in his highest favour with the town, played a soldier bringing a message in the Rehearsal, and Theophilus Cibber the Gentleman Usher in Lear. To them we may add Kemble, who contented himself with the part of Cromwell, on the revival of King Henry the eighth, and Miss Pope, who performed Audrey in the comedy of As you Like it.

Mr. Booth.—This great actor was observed one night by John duke of Argyll to play with remarkable spirit, though the play-house was very thin of company. The duke expressing his wonder at this, "My lord duke," said Booth, "I see one man in the house who I think understands me very well, paying the extremest attention to my acting: I play for him."

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF AGNES IBBETSON.

This extraordinary lady, who died lately in England in the 72d year of her age, was relict of Counsellor Ibbetson, and daughter of — Tomson Esq. a Russian merchant, residing in London. Some criterion of her masculine vigour of intellect is presented by the singular announcement of a botanical dissertation, in Nicholson's Journal, by Alexander Ibbetson, Esq. her initial being thus misconstrued. She was truly an Alexander in science; subduing within her gigantic grasp, nature's empire, from celestial orbs down to embryo oak in dissected acorn. Mathematics, mechanics, optics, pneumatics, electricity, chemistry, mineralogy, astronomy, above all botanical anatomy, and pathology, deeply engaged her versatile talents. Polite literature, poetry, history, and Latin classics, diversified her intense studies. Serious will be the privation to the interests of science, should not her botanical discoveries, with illustrative delineations, completed for the press, be solicited for publication by some public body. In minutest dissection of trees and plants, her object is practical utility. She suggests improvement of esculent vegetables, through detection and remedy of organic disease. Perhaps, the most striking illustration of her ardent spirit of research, was a successful search of the best editions of Latin and Greek Fathers in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, for discovery of the earliest omission of prohibition of prostration to images in the decalogue. Her philanthropy, particularly to objects of misery, oppression, or deformity, was scarcely bounded by her limited means. Stepping from her observatory, to her temporary huckster's shop at Easton, she rescued the poor from petty peculation, through enormous price of provisions. At Belle Vue, near Exeter, her mansion was an exhibition of live caricatures; superannuated females her attendants; a veteran son of Mars her running footman, winning two daily four-mile heats on one leg! a reader, supporting incurvated spine, by legs propping arms through each hand applied to each knee! Widow, orphan, houseless, helpless, received provision, pension, asylum, instruction, unsolicited, unremitted. With her, was life eminently a checkered scene; tissue of exquisite delight from diurnal "feast of reason," and of excruciating torture from nocturnal spasmodic affection. Almost incredible was her panacea in every varied indisposition. Repeatedly did she aver to the writer of this brief memoir, that in four days she once drank a quart of laudanum; after a walk, a wine-glass was a common draught. Up to the last, she took a tea-spoon full four times a day. Town-bred at the first-rate finishing school, she was in early life exclusively devoted to gaiety, frivolity, and dissipation, devoid of every idea of scientific or literary attainment. Till middle age, she conceived not the slightest wish for severer pursuits. Eventually, in science, Agnes Ibbetson acquired ascendancy, equal to that of Hannah More in Belles-lettres. In her respective department, each soared paramount to the female world. Had but the former, like the latter, allotted due share of attention to metaphysical and theological research, the result might have profited, when "relations cease, and nature fails."

RUBENS.

The following account is given of this highly celebrated Painter, in a very recent publication—"Rubens, the son of a lawyer, was born at Cologne, in 1577. His education was liberal, and he profited by it to the utmost. His first appointment was that of page to the Countess Lelain, but on his father's death he obtained permission to devote himself entirely to painting. His successive masters were Tobias Verhaeght, A. Van Oort, and Otto Venius; and so rapid was his progress that at twenty-three years of age he commenced business for himself. His conduct soon obtained him friends; and on his expressing a wish to visit Italy, the Archduke Albert furnished him with strong recommendations to the Duke of Mantua.—The Duke appears to have been highly pleased with his protégé, and took him into his service without hesitation; and there he remained for upwards of seven years, occupied rather in professional studies, than in participating the follies and amusements of the court of Gonzaga. It so happened, that Rubens being employed one day in painting the combat of Turnus and Eneas, indulged himself in an enthusiastic and rapturous quotation of those beautiful lines from Virgil, beginning "*Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet inscius arvis, &c.*" supposing himself alone, too, he had no scruples in vociferating them with a louder voice than usual, as great repeaters are apt to do in case of the occurrence of a warlike passage. The duke, who had listened to him, entered the room laughing, and jocularly addressed him in Latin, having no idea that he understood the tongue any more than a common peasant did his repetition of an Ave Maria. How great was his surprise when Rubens answered him in terms, as it is said, worthy of the Augustan age. From this time, after a short explanation had informed him of the young painter's birth and education, the duke began to treat him with the greatest consideration; and finding him worthy of his favour and confidence in every way, it was not long before he resolved to send him as his ambassador to Spain, an appointment that eventually led him to the most marked honour and distinction. The recommendation was such, that he was received with much kindness at the court of Madrid, where he lived in the style of a nobleman rather than of an artist, though it appears that he was in the constant exercise of his profession, and, indeed, supplied his purse by this means. From Spain he returned to his patron at Mantua, and from thence made a journey to Venice, where he studied the works of Titian and P. Veronese with great assiduity: thence he went to Rome and Genoa, at each of which places he resided some time, and left behind him many of his works. He next returned to his country on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, for he was a person not more remarkable for his talents and accomplishments, than he was for his strict attention to his duty as a son, and afterwards as a husband. His marriage with his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, which took place about this period, perhaps contributed more than any other cause, to induce him to reside at Antwerp. His house was built on a magnificent scale, for he had already amassed considerable wealth, and furnished with a valuable collection of statues and busts, pictures, vases, and medals, which he had picked up in Italy; a sufficient proof of the esteem he really felt for the classical and the antique, and which his contemporaries have universally attributed to him; though, it must be confessed, we should have been but little inclined to have presumed such taste from the general nature of his pieces. His collection he sold, as it appears, rather unwillingly, to the Duke of Buckingham, and received for it no less a sum than sixty thousand florins."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA.

The question, whether the sea encroaches on the land, or the land on the sea? has long occupied the attention of philosophers, who are divided in their opinions regarding it. Those who assert that the sea is gaining on the land, use the following arguments in support of their hypothesis:—

The rivers are continually wearing away their banks, and carrying the earth they take from them into the sea. Every storm that gathers on the mountain's brow, and pours down its waters in the bed of the torrent, rolls along with them rocks and masses of earth, first into the rivers, and afterwards into the ocean. The height of the land is, therefore, constantly diminishing; but the very cause of this diminution acts also in lessening the depth of the sea. The consequence is plain:—the waters must be forced over a greater extent of surface on the dry land, and a gradual encroachment will thus take place. Nor are those arguments merely hypothetical; they are supported by a multitude of incontrovertible facts. In the reign of Augustus, the Isle of Wight was so near to the main land of England, that the inhabitants crossed, at low water, from the one to the other with tin. The channel, however, which now separates them, is two miles wide at least. Quantities of land are perpetually swept from this very island; and it was but a few years since that several acres were carried into the deep in an instant. The Godwin Sands, on the eastern shore of England, were once the fertile lands of earl Godwin. There is an ancient law against "*burning the bent*," the name of a weed which grows in many parts of the coast of England and Scotland, and which was supposed to be a natural fence against the encroachments of the sea and land. Some villages near to Forres in Scotland are now completely buried in sand. The town of Findhorn, four miles from Forres, at present is only accessible to passengers on horseback at low water, though once the sea did not intervene. In the East Riding of Yorkshire, and not far from Burlington, there is a church, now one mile from the ocean, but having an inscription, which intimates, that, when originally built, it stood at the distance of nine miles. If we look to other countries, we find there similar appearances. The straits of Messina, (*Fretum Siculum*) once so formidable to navigators, as to give rise to the fine imagery of Scylla and Charybdis, is now, if we are to give credit to Brydone, a wide and easy passage. The sea has crept far over the coast of Asia Minor, and, in the bay of Baize near Naples, there are remains of houses and villages still visible below the present level of the sea.

The philosophers who assert the reverse of these propositions, are not intimidated by reasoning so powerful, nor by facts so strong. Admitting the premises, they deny the conclusion. They do not allow it proved satisfactorily that the sea has made real encroachments on the whole. The rivers and torrents indeed sweep down earth into the sea; but this earth accumulates on other shores, or gathers together by attraction; or being carried to the same place by the force of currents, rises in new islands. The Baltic and Atlantic near to Norway, are, by the testimony of the most aged pilots and fishermen, gradually leaving the land. The sea is shallower than formerly near the shore. Rocks, once scarcely seen, are now high in the midst of the billows, and pinnacles can scarcely be supported in parts which had once been the receptacle of ships of burden. Ancient sea-

port towns are now removed from the shore, and anchors sometimes found in the inner part of the country. But the argument, of all others, which supports most strongly this side of the question, is that much, we may, indeed, say most, of the vapours which rise from the sea, do not go to swell the rivers, but rather to the sustenance of vegetables. These vegetables are liable to putrefaction, a process which converts them into earth. A modern writer, Darwin, has carried this idea so far as to say, that the lichens first grow upon the rocks, and dying, form a bed for Alpine plants; these putrefy in their turn, and leave a deeper bed of earth for larger vegetables. From the earth of these may arise shrubs, and from shrubs the gradual ascent is easy to the proud mountain-pine, that derides the furious blast. The truth, as is usually the case in controversies, may, perhaps, be found between these two hypotheses; and we shall be nearer the point of certainty than either taken singly, if we conclude, that the ocean advances in some places, and recedes in others, and if earth is carried down into the rivers by the torrents, that it is formed anew by the putrefaction of the vegetable kingdom.

LUMINOUS ANIMALS.

During the autumnal season, in the seas which surround the islands of Scotland, the phenomenon of luminous water is exhibited with great brilliancy. The fact of its increasing with the appearance of the Medusa, and diminishing when they disappear, has been known to naturalists since the days of Pliny, and has at different times been a subject of much discussion. Mariners and fishermen have always considered it as a property attached to sea-water, and to that under particular circumstances of approaching change. Had their attention been directed to its real cause, we should long ere this have been acquainted with many more of the animals in which it principally resides. It is equally to be regretted, that naturalists also have too generally taken it for granted, that the property of yielding light was attached to the water of the sea itself; and that, instead of examining into its real seat, they have been content to speculate on its cause. Thus it has by one class been attributed to the putrefaction of sea-water, although the slightest acquaintance with this element will show that, except in a few rare cases described by navigators, the waters of the sea do not exhibit appearances of putrefaction. On the contrary, provision seems to have been made in the sea, as in the air, for the speedy decomposition and dissipation of all dead animal matter; and for the incessant renewal in it of a uniform purity, similar to that which the winds, and other causes, effect in the atmosphere. Others have supposed this light to be phosphoric; a term to which no definite idea was attached, and which has thrown no further light on the question than that usually arising from the substitution of one word for another. A more accurate investigation of the subject would have suggested that which the researches of recent zoologists have at length proved;—that the luminous appearances in sea-water were independent of the element itself, and arose from the phosphorescent property of living animals, or of animal matter diffused through it. Many distinct animals possessing this quality have been ascertained by the various naturalists who have accompanied the late voyages of discovery; and the subject having lately excited attention, many others have also been recently observed on the British shores.

The twinkling appearance that characterizes the light of these worms, has been seen in water free from any visible objects, if we may rely on the care and ac-

curacy of the observers; with this only difference, that the sparks were more minute. Hence it was concluded, that the water was, in these cases, luminous. Three circumstances may have led to errors in these observations. The slippery nature of the larger Medusa causes them frequently to escape, when an attempt is made to lift a vessel of water from the sea. The transparency also of the minute creatures enables them to elude a cursory observation; and there is every probability, that animals nearly microscopic, or resembling in dimensions some of the Infusoria, whether in the state of spawn or fully grown, inhabit sea-water; possessed of the same voluntary powers of emitting light, and forming the prey of the tribes immediately larger than themselves. It is to these unascertained beings that our attention ought to be directed; and there is little doubt that future investigations will still detect many unknown and minute animals possessed of this property. The third and last cause which has tended to deceive naturalists and conceal these animals from observation, is that property which so many marine worms possess, of speedy solubility in sea-water after death. The small time occupied in effecting the solution and total disappearance of even the larger kinds, gives reason to suppose that the smaller have often eluded investigation, from the extreme rapidity with which they undergo this process; a supposition the more probable, when we consider the circumstances under which these examinations are generally made.

With respect to the nature of the light, it is important to remark, that it appears in two distinct forms, and in these cases apparently arising from two sources. The twinkling appearance seems always to proceed from the animals, and to be the result of their own actions. It takes place when the water is at rest, and is much brighter than the light produced by merely disturbing the water where these are not present. On examining them, they are frequently found covered with luminous points; and it was ascertained by Professor Smith, that the seat of the light in one species of Cancer was in the brain, while it was apparently also under the influence of the animal. The fainter diffused light appears to originate rather from detached luminous matter dispersed through the water. This appears however to abound exactly in proportion to the number of marine animals present; and hence it is so remarkable in those seas where the worms and insects are most plentiful. This matter seems often to be the cause of the light produced by friction, or agitation; although it is certain, that the same disturbances also cause the marine animals to give out their own light. To Professor Smith it appeared that this substance consisted of solid spherical particles; but it may be questioned whether these were not rather animalcula, or perhaps the ova of the worms or insects which were present.

As to the causes by which this light is excited, or the circumstances under which it is elicited, it has appeared to be invariably the result of the agitation or disturbance of the animal, as it is of that of the sea, when the luminous matter exists in a detached state in the water. But it seems also to be the effect of a volition on its part; whether this be the consequence of fear, or of some other motive. When the sea contains Medusa, although perfectly still, a frequent twinkling of the lights is always to be seen; appearing and disappearing alternately, and probably in consequence of the will of the animal. That it is the result of the will, is indeed almost proved, since it can be produced by noises, which are capable of exciting alarm without disturbing the water. The same is to be observed in the larger fishes. Thus, if a noise be made by striking on the gunwale of a boat, when a shoal of pilchards is under it, the whole

will in an instant become luminous, exhibiting the splendid appearance of a continuous sheet of light; momentary, but renewable on repeating the same alarming sound. It is impossible at present to ascertain the means by which this effect is produced. That it is not the result solely of their impulse against luminous matter existing in the water, whether dead or living, is certain; since the same effect cannot always be produced at those times by other agitation.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Extraction of Needles from the Human Body.—In the 49th volume of the London Medical and Physical Journal (February, 1823) is an account taken from Dr. J. D. Herholdt, professor in Copenhagen, who refers to the names of 36 medical men, 18 of whom were at the extraction of needles from the body of a young woman who was dreadfully afflicted:—

Region of the Body	Number of Needles.
From the left breast	22
Between the breast	14
From the epigastric region	41
From the right hypochondriac region	20
From the left hypochondriac region	19
From the umbilical region	31
From the right lumbar region	17
From the left lumbar region	39
From the hypogastric region	14
From the right iliac region	23
From the left iliac region	27
From the right thigh	1
From the left thigh	3
From beneath the right scapula	1
From between the scapula	1

Total 273

All these were extracted during the years 1819 & 1820.

Dysentery.—In page 123 of the same volume, Charles Walter, relates, Nov. 11, 1822, nine cases of soda tartarizata and potassæ sulphus, from half a dram to a dram, given twice a day or every fourth hour, curing, quickly, laxes and dysenteries, accompanied with fever in some cases. It would be well to try this method in infantile laxes and cholera of the summer season.

A fracture box, like that of Amesbury, which was published last year, has been used by J. A. Smith, professor of Surgery, 13 years ago in New-York; and by some other physicians in this city. It certainly far excels all contrivances of the kind. It may be made as portable as the splints of a fractured bone. Amesbury's improvement consists principally in adapting the jointed splints, of which the box consists, to a large or small limb.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.—A most important discovery has just been made in Egyptian antiquities, which promises to afford a key to the hitherto hidden knowledge of the Egyptians. A very intelligent English traveller, a Mr. George Gray, a gentleman from Northumberland, whose attention had been studiously given to the collection of such remains of antiquity as might throw some light on the obscure history of the East, purchased from the Arabs during his stay in Thebes, whatever Greek manuscripts appeared to him older than the Christian era. Among these manuscripts there is one of the highest value. On his return to England a month or two ago, he put his manuscript into the hands of Dr. Young, whose profound knowledge in the language of the East is only equalled by the extent and depth of his scientific acquirements. To the delight of this gentleman, he discovered that this Greek manuscript is a translation of one in hieroglyphics in the Royal Library at Paris. It is dated in the reign of one of the Ptolemy's, and is a legal instrument, being a deed of con-

veyance, and has the signatures of several witnesses, besides many proper names, which it seems are of great value, as best enabling to decypher the hieroglyphics, and will at length give us a knowledge of the Egyptian alphabet.

Elasticity of Steam.—The following has been observed by Mr. Perkins: When the elasticity of the steam, in a high pressure boiler, is equal to between 20 and 30 atmospheres, and its temperature is between 400 and 500 degrees Fahrenheit, if a portion of the water be drawn off, by means of a cock inserted in the boiler near the bottom, the heat of the water is so low, that the hand may be held in the stream as it issues from the vessel, without pain or inconvenience.

Bengalee Newspaper.—The Bombay papers contain a notice of a new weekly paper, published in the Bengalee language, the first attempt of the kind, and edited by a learned Hindoo. In the first and second numbers were articles on the liberty of the native press, and on the trial by jury, which had been purchased with so much avidity that both were out of print. It appears under the title of "Sungbaud, Cowmuddy," or "The Moon of Intelligence."

Henry VIII.—A copy of the work which was written by this king, and which gained him from the pope the title of Defender of the Faith, was stolen from the Vatican, and sold to the brother of Payne, the bookseller of the Mews Gate. The bookseller received for it, from the Marquis of Douglas, an annuity for life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WANT OF MONEY,
OR THE MISERIES OF AN AUTHOR.

Mr. Editor.—It has often been remarked, and the sufferings of Chatterton and Cervantes in a great measure bear witness to the truth of the assertion, that authors are generally more unfortunate than any other class of men. The lawyer, the physician, and the mechanic, however low may be their reputation, have the good fortune to meet with employment; but no encouragement whatever is given to the unfortunate author. The votary of the Muses, the instructor and improver of mankind, is permitted to saunter about the streets with his elbows peeping out of a more than thread-bare coat, and half covered with clothing, over which, to use the words of the poet, "Some seven summers might have passed;" while an ignorant, stupid mechanic, or a knavish lawyer, who may have succeeded in picking the pocket of some luckless wight, or a quack, who may, perchance, have administered a last finishing draught to some unfortunate patient, can boast of the honourable appellation of a dandy. "Better that a man should seek his fortune before the mast, or with a musket on his shoulder, and a knapsack at his back;—better that he should follow the plough, or work at the loom, or the lathe, or sweat over the anvil, than trust to literature as the only means of his support. Boyse in his blanket, Savage in a prison, and Smart scrawling his most impassioned verses with charcoal upon the walls of a madhouse, are not the most mournful examples which might be held up as a warning to kindred spirits." Every lover of literature, every friend of humanity, have long felt indignant at the sufferings of this unfortunate race; which often have damped the ardour of the finest genius, and compelled men who, had they been encouraged, might have been the ornament of an admiring world, to end their miserable existence by their own hand; but, as "example is better than precept," permit me, in illustration of my remarks, to relate the following anecdote.

A friend of mine, whose talents and acquirements were as limited as his purse, but who was buoyed up, if I may so express myself, in every difficulty by the idea of becoming at some future day another "great unknown," determined at all hazards to become the author of a book. He expressed his intention to me, and in despite of every argument I could offer to convince him that his labour would be vain, continued bent upon his object. He wrote, as he called it, a novel. Never was a name more appropriately bestowed. It partook of every quality calculated to excite contempt: long-winded sentences, mal apropos, episodes, murders, horrible scenes of villany, and crimes better suited to a Newgate Calendar, were introduced into almost every chapter, rendering the work possessed of every ingredient requisite to a novel. In vain did I criticise and explain—in vain did I censure and reprove his folly—obstinate to the very last, he set out to a bookseller with a view to sell the copyright of this, to him most invaluable treasure. The bookseller told him that he could not undertake the publication on his own responsibility, without first ascertaining the opinion of a literary friend concerning the merits of the work. To this A—— consented, and the bookseller promised him a definite answer to his proposal in three weeks. At the expiration of the time appointed, A—— paid a second visit to the bookseller. He stood for some time between hope and despair, without uttering a single word, and as if anxious to put off the evil moment. At length, however, he summoned up courage enough to inquire of the bookseller his determination. Scarcely had the question escaped the lips of our author, when the bookseller in rather an unconcerned tone, and one which seemed to indicate a desire to rid himself of his troublesome visiter, replied, that he would not publish the book if it were presented to him, much less would he purchase the copyright." Saying this, he returned the manuscript to A——, and walked to the farther part of the room, where he had been standing at the time of our author's entrance. My friend stood for a considerable length of time, at one instant blaming, in no very courteous terms, the taste of the critic, who could not appreciate a work of merit, and the next that of the bookseller, for submitting it to one so totally unfit to judge. His eye beaming with indignation, and his tongue betraying the sentiments of his heart, he left the bookstore, which in his anger he termed the "slaughter-house of genius." He still continued intent on his object, and his mind was prepared by one disappointment to endure the vexation of another. He pondered over and over again, on some plan by which he could give to the world that which he imagined was designed to immortalize him. At length he determined, and in pursuance of his resolution went to a printer, and inquired the terms on which he would print the novel. On being informed of the terms, and that one half must be paid in advance, he set out in quest of the advance money, which after many *tos and fro's*, he succeeded in obtaining. Every obstacle to his future greatness seemed now removed, and the path to fame lay open before him. He went to the printer, and paid him the advance money, at the same time delivering the manuscript with directions to have it finished as soon as possible.

For about four months "the work went bravely on," at the end of which time it was completed. The printer was ready for A——, but alas, that readiness was not mutual. My friend was so occupied during the time in which the work was progressing, in correcting the proof sheets, and contemplating the ascent to immortality, which he had almost gained, that he totally forgot that one half of the printer's bill yet remained unpaid. Again he sallied forth in search of the "one

thing needful," and, notwithstanding every exertion to acquire it, his attempt proved unsuccessful. This was the death-blow to all his ambitious hopes, and that glory which seemed to be within his grasp. He had after some considerable time given up all ideas on this subject, when one morning having purchased some tea and sugar, he found them, to his utter astonishment, "wrapped up" in his novel. On inquiring of the printer the reason for thus disposing of such valuable works, he was informed that he had used his utmost endeavours to sell them, and not meeting with success, had disposed of them to the grocers, as wrapping paper. It may not be improper to add, that he has profited by experience, and is now becoming wealthy, as a merchant, heartily cured of all desire to become an author. G.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 6. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Jeanette, the Orphan Peasant.*—*Claudine Mignot, surnamed La Lhauda.*
THE TRAVELLER.—*Account of the natives of New Holland.*

LITERATURE.—*The Wandering Jew, from the German.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoir of Messier the Astronomer.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Preparation of Oil for Watch and Clock Makers.*—*On Destroying Caterpillars on Fruit Trees.*—*Natural History of the Parrot.*—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*The Battery.*

POETRY.—*"The Dying Soldier," and "Greece,"* by FLORIO; with other pieces.

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. "In Answer to George M——," and "The Moment of Woe," shall receive an early insertion.

"To a young Lady," inadmissible.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

A specimen of the Lackawaxen coal is to be seen at the foundry of Alderman M^r Queen of this city.

The following promotions and appointments have recently taken place in the United States Military Academy at West Point: The Superintendent, Major S. Thayer, to be Lieut. Col. by brevet. David B. Douglass, Prof. Mathematics, to be Prof. Engineering. Charles Davies, Asst. Prof. Philosophy, to be Prof. Mathematics.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has appropriated \$10,000 for improving the harbour of Erie, upon the lake of that name.

Messrs. Jacob Van Lennep & Co. of Smyrna, have presented to the Medical College at Boston, an Egyptian mummy, in fine preservation, supposed to be 4000 years old, enclosed in a box with hieroglyphic characters.

A Bean Pod, which grew in Florida, (full of large beans,) and measured thirteen inches in length and four in circumference, has been exhibited at Providence. It is in the shape of a Turkish sabre, of a yellowish hue and beautifully scamed on both sides.

Tubs of water, exposed in some situations at Richmond, were frozen over on the night of the 20th ult. Fruits and vegetables were nipped by the frost, and the young fruit of bergaloo pears were found as black as ink.

MARRIED.

Mr. Hardy Lounsbury to Miss Eliza Todd.
Mr. Z. Mead to Miss R. Williams.
Mr. Benjamin F. Ford to Miss Harriet Purdy.
Mr. Daniel Rhoades to Miss Martha Harmony.
Mr. Henry T. Ramp to Miss Ann Holland.
Mr. Thomas Negus to Miss Jane Davidson.
Mr. Thomas Britton to Miss Martha Grafton Greenwood.
Mr. Henry Tibbals to Miss Emily Holdredge.

DIED.

Mrs. Jane Pesinger.
Mrs. Wilhelmina Gautier.
Mrs. Mary Shelton, aged 29.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

[The following Valedictory Address was written by Mrs. C. M. Thayer, preceptress of Philom Academy, and recited by one of the pupils of that institution at the examination, on the 24th of last month. It may be necessary to inform the reader that this extensive and flourishing seminary, under the superintendence of Joseph Hoxie, Esq. is removed to the basement story of St. Mathew's Church, in Walker Street, and it was on account of this removal, the following lines were written.]

VALEDICTORY.

How blithely roll the fleeting days of youth,
The happiest oft in this terrestrial state;
Tuition moulds the soul to virtuous truth,
Man's steadfast prop in all the storms of fate:
And when, of age, at length the ripening date
Compels him other scenes, afar, to view,
He leaves his home, his school, and each lov'd mate,
In distant lands some calling to pursue,
Warm from his heart shall burst the lingering, last adieu.

We love the play-ground of our early years,
Where oft the hours of joy unnumber'd roll,
And memory long the hallowed spot endears,
Where first instruction dawn'd upon the soul:
And now, though hope's enchanting prospects glow,
In gay prospective through the coming years,
Backward the tide of feeling still must flow,
While busy memory every room endears,
And pays to Philom's walls the tribute of her tears.

We part, and some perhaps to meet no more,
In scenes like this to pass the balcyon hours;
Culling the richest fruits of classic lore,
And twining garlands of Parnassian flowers:
And we, who still instruction's path pursue,
Within these hallowed walls no more shall meet,
Yet while we breathe the lingering, and adieu,
Hope rises to the soul in prospect sweet,
And scenes of future joy our raptur'd fancy greet.

We see transplanted to another scene
The plant of genius we have cultur'd here,
Where health shall glow, with rosy brow serene,
And joy and hope, each beating bosom cheer:
There, where St. Mathew's lifts its sacred dome,
To lure our thoughts beyond this earthly sod,
Shall science find her consecrated home,
And learning fix her permanent abode,
And lead the youthful mind to virtue, and to God.

For the Minerva.

TO—

Away! nor compassion implore,
Nor dream I forgive thee, more tender than just;
No pity of mine can restore
The lost one to friendship and trust.

Thou art worse in thy crime than the low,
Whom vice has sway'd ever, and meener than they;
They fall not like thee, for they know
But the villainous of perishing clay.

But thine was a genius, whose light
Was a guide to have led thee to honour and fame;
O base! from the pride of its height,
To have sunk to dark error and shame!

Confusion now humbles thy brow,
That late wore an aspect so fearless and high;
Thy spirit turns coward, and now
Thou canst shrink from the glance of an eye.

O! where are the days that have been,
When hope o'er thy prospects in purity shone?
They once were the light of the scene,
But for ever, for ever have flown.

When told of thy guilt—in my breast
Surprise and dismay wakened anguish and gloom,
And bade its serenity and rest
The livery of trouble assume.

As afar in the peace of the glen
Rise the waves of the fount, and roll tranquil and clear,
Till, disturbed by the footsteps of men,
They turbid and troubled appear.

Yet pallid again flow their tides,
Nor a tract of the cloud that obscured them retains,
So grief in my bosom subsides
To the calmness of settled disdain.

April 1823.

MYRENE.

For the Minerva.

TO J. M.

You have ask'd for a proof of my art,
And here I present it to thee;
It is bathed in the sighs of my heart,
And is, therefore, an emblem of me.

And as such too I beg you'll peruse it,
And keep it safe lock'd in your breast;
And, but that I fear you'd misuse it,
My heart too should there take its rest.

Oh say, should the fond tenant fly there,
In truth and in sooth wilt thou let it
In peace and tranquillity lie there,
Nor suffer a grief to beset it?

Oh tell me, and tell me sincerely,
With thy own wilt thou let it entwine?
If thou'lt love it and cherish it dearly,
The fond little truant is thine.

SAPPHO.

ODE TO ST. HELENA.

Isle of the ocean! raise thy head,
Thy pointed cliffs in triumph rear,
For pillow'd on his lowly bed,
Napoleon lies buried here.
And he who sway'd the world, a god,
Is cold beneath the barren sod.

A nameless rock no longer now,
That rock hath shar'd the exile's fame,
And graven on thy naked brow
Is Britain's woe and Britain's shame;
For many a day, and year, and age,
'Twill mark a blot on Britain's page.

Napoleon, yes—though thou art laid
Lowly, and cold, and lifeless now,
And though the willow with its shade
Distils the cold damp on thy brow;
Yet, mighty king—yet still thy name
Shall live to publish Britain's shame.

Insulted, friendless, and forlorn,
Oh then thy mighty spirit broke,
When o'er the field of ocean borne,
They chain'd thee to the seagirt rock;
When coward-like, they mock'd thy woe,
And triumph'd on a fallen foe.

Now all is past—and thou at rest,
The night-blast rages round thy head;
The cold turf presses on thy breast,
The winds howl o'er thy gloomy bed.
And he, whom once the world obeyed,
Is cold beneath the willow's shade.

Isle of the ocean! raise thy head,
Thy pointed cliffs in triumph rear,
For pillow'd on his lowly bed,
Napoleon lies buried here.
And he who sway'd the world, a god,
Is cold beneath thy barren sod.

SPRING.

He comes, to liberate the earth,
'With healing on his wing';
And Joy leaps up, and Love, and Mirth,
To greet the infant Spring!—
Where'er the bounteous wanderer treads,
Herb and flower put forth their heads,
To court his life-inspiring kiss;
And hark! the wild bird's roundelay
Proclaims aloud from every spray
The age of love and bliss.

Alas! how cold, how dull the heart,
That leaps not to the Spring!
That feels not every nobler part
Alive, and blossoming!

THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

Meek, lonely flower, thy petals sweet
Are sadly scourg'd by wind and sleet;
The angry, pelting storm,
Beats keen and heavy on thy stem,
And not one leaf, poor friendless gem,
To shield thy tender form.

Ah! nought thy rich perfume avails,
In stormy blasts and wintry gales,
In scenes so rude as these,
Where all around is bleak and drear,
The bent all dead, the bank all bare,
All leafless are the trees.

This holly branch shall o'er thee lean,
And shelter off the cold, bleak rain,
And when the storm is o'er,
The cloudless sun's bright beam shall bring
The wild bee on its busy wing,
To sip thy nectar'd store.

Sweet flower! by flattering warmth betray'd,
And early left to pine and fade,
Emblem of human life;
To-day all fair and glad appears,
To-morrow may be past in tears,
Or spent in useless strife.

My morn of life, like thine, was mild,
Then prospects shone and fortune smil'd,
But smiles, alas, no more!
Oppression's harsh, vindictive arm,
As life despoil'd of ev'ry charm,
And hope's fond dream, is o'er!

And though by ardent youth betray'd,
My heedless, erring footsteps stray'd,
Where prudence pointeth not;
Such failings are a nobler kind
Than virtues of the narrow mind,
And ought to be forgot.

BALLAD.

The Cid's departure into exile.

With sixty Knights in his gallant train,
Went forth the Campeador of Spain;
For wild sierras and plains afar,
He left the hands of his own Bivar.

To march o'er field and to watch in tent,
From his home in good Castile he went:
To the wasting siege and the battle's van,
For the noble Cid was a banish'd man!

Through his olive-woods the morn breeze play'd,
And his native streams wild music made;
And clear in the sunshine his vineyards lay,
When for march and combat he took his way.

With a thoughtful spirit his way he took,
And he turn'd his steed for a parting look,
For a parting look at his own fair towers,—
Oh! the Exile's heart hath weary hours!

The pennons were spread, and the band array'd;
But the Cid at his threshold a moment stay'd:—
It was but a moment—the halls were lone,
And the gates of his dwelling all open thrown.

There was not a steed in the empty stall,
Nor a spear nor a cloak on the naked wall;
Nor a hawk on the perch, nor a seat at the door,
Nor the sound of a step on the hollow floor.

Then a dim tear swell'd to the warrior's eye,
As the voice of his native groves went by:
And he said, "My Women their wish have won,—
Now the will of God be in all things done!"

But the trumpet blew, with its note of cheer,
And the winds of the morning swept off the tear
And the fields of his glory lay distant far:—
He is gone from the towers of his own Bivar!

DOMESTIC LOVE.

BY MR. CHOLY.

[The Gem is of a Woman in a contemplative posture
gazing at one of the Penates on an Altar]
Domestic Love! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide:
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along thro' banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing. [ding.]
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth

O love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume?

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Charade in our last.

Foot-man.

I.

Inscribed in many a learned page,
In mystic character and sage,
Long time my first has stood;
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it still may last,
Till closed in flesh and blood.

My second is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper:
But should you chance this sight to meet,
All improvise in the street,
Oh! how 'twould make you scamper.

My whole's a sort of wand'ring throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salic law reversing;
But when the imaginary Queen,
Begins to act the novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing,
Up starts the old usurper, man,
And she joys after as she can.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 957 The Slavonians wasted Saxony, but were defeated by Otho.
- 959 Berengarius sacked and pillaged all Italy. Edgar crowned King of England, aged 16, on the death of his brother Edwin.
- Death of Constantine, a Greek Emperor; poisoned by his son Romanus II. who succeeded him.
- Hugh Capet, declared Duke of France, obtained the province of Poitou. The King had scarce any thing left him but the town of Leon.
- 960 Beginning of the Dynasty, called by the Chinese Sam or Song. It was one of the most powerful, and lasted 320 years, under 17 or 18 Emperors.
- 961 The Pope asked succour against Berengarius, of Otho. The Emperor, after having his son crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, entered Italy a third time, was crowned King of Lombardy, and sent Berengarius a prisoner into Germany, where he died.
- 962 Otho crowned Emperor at Rome by the Pope.
- 963 Pope John XII. forsaking the interest of Otho, embraced that of Berengarius. Otho caused him to be deposed, and set up Leo, an Anti-pope, in his stead.
- 964 On the departure of Otho, the Romans revolting, brought back Pope John and expelled Leo.
- Otho returned and took the city.
- 966 Otho, the Emperor, threatening to return to Rome, the inhabitants restored the Pope they had expelled.
- 967 Embassies between the Greek and Latin Emperors. Otho asked Theophania in marriage for his son Otho? whom he crowned Emperor at Rome.
- Death of Sanchez I. King of Leon. His son, Ramio III. succeeded.
- 968 The Latin Ambassador maltreated by the Greek Emperor. The Normans infested Spain.
- 969 Otho the younger leading a great army against Nicephorus, defeated his army. The inhabitants rose against him. His wife put him to death.
- 970 Zimisce, a famous commander, was crowned Emperor of the East. He liberated all imprisoned by Nicephorus, and sent Theophania to Otho the younger, who married her, and crowned her Empress.
- 971 The Russians, Bulgarians, and Turks laid waste all Thrace with an army of 300,000 men.
- Bardea, the General of Zimisce, routed them with 12,000 men.
- 973 Death of Otho the Great, after 37 years reign.
- His son Otho II. succeeded.
- 975 Zimisce the Emperor imprisoned, and died.
- Basil and Constantine reigned together 50 years.
- Death of Edgar, King of England. Edward, an infant, succeeded.
- 977 Otho subdued the Bohemians.
- 978 Murder of Edward, surnamed the martyr, by his step-mother Elfrida.
- 979 Ethelred, son of Elfrida, and half-brother to Edward, crowned King of England.
- 980 Birth of Avicenna, chief of the Arabian physicians.
- 982 The Slavonians and Bohemians wasted Saxony, Missina, and Bradenburg, and slew upwards of 30,000.
- Death of Ramiro III. King of Leon, occasioned by vexation for being defeated by the Galicians. His uncle Bernardo II. who headed the revolt, took possession of the kingdom.
- 983 Otho, marching against the Saracens in Italy, was wounded with a poisoned arrow and died. His son, Otho III. succeeded.
- 986 Death of Lothaire. His son Lewis succeeded him.
- 987 Death of Lewis, the last of the Carlovingian race, which had reigned in France 236 years.
- Hugh Capet, first of a new race of Kings, was chosen and crowned King of France, at Rheims. He made Paris his capital.
- Wladimir, Grand Duke of Russia, embraced christianity, and married Ann, sister of the Greek Emperor.
- 988 Hugh Capet, caused his son Robert to be crowned King at Orleans.
- 992 Gerbert, Archbishop of Rheims, and afterwards Pope, had brought Arabian figures from Spain, and introduced clocks that went by a balance.
- 996 Death of Hugh Capet. His son Robert reigned alone.

THE MINERVA.

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